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MAC PHERSON AND MAC DONALD By Gari Melchers
(Copyrighted by the Artist) —Courtesy The Art Institute



A SCULPTOR
By Charles W. Hawthorne

—Courtesy The Art Institute

Thirty - First Annual Exhibition Of American Art

By EVELYN MARIE STUART

IN taking a general survey of any large exhibition, especially a national event like the American Art Annual at the Institute, it is only natural, even philosophic, to attempt to trace the undercurrent of thought and sentiment, the mighty tide of human life and emotion which lies beneath the surface of art and from which it derives its power.

How many visitors to the galleries remarked the preponderance of pictures of people in this exhibition and what is the inference to be drawn therefrom? It would take much inventorying, counting and comparison definitely to establish the fact that of all the thirty-one annual exhibitions of

American oil painting and sculpture this most abounded in human interest. However, a very casual glance about the galleries and a very little stirring of memory will serve to convince those who follow the Institute events that this is near the actual fact. Portraits and figure studies are overwhelmingly in evidence, and after them street scenes, crowds in motion and the occupations or homes of men while pure landscape has a minority representation. Why is this? Does it grow out of the fact that human affairs have been on such a stupendous scale for the past four years that we have all been drawn closer together and that our interests naturally flow toward

each other as though by a closer study and deeper understanding of each other the problems of life might be solved? Who shall say? Surely not the artist who is a creature of instinct rather than of analysis, but who, for this very reason, is always close to the heart of the world, reflecting and interpreting its moods and movements.

The four big prizes went to portraits or figure studies and of six honorable mentions four were bestowed upon portraits or figures in oil or sculpture. Of the remaining two, one subject only was of the pure landscape variety, the other showing a work of man and the activities of a great water way.

If there is anything more than coincidence in all this one would be drawn to the conclusion that we seek our kind for solace in times of tragedy, that while the tranquillity of lonely nature exerts a potent spell upon the troubled heart, the soul in suspense or suffering seeks society and prompts a reaching out to touch hands with human kind.

People are indeed the primitive objects of interest so far as representative art is concerned, for, beginning with picture writing which was evolved to tell the tale of human activities and passing on through Egyptian and Assyrian wall frescoes and carvings to Greek frieze and statue, through the religious paintings of the great masters and the great portrait periods, we only arrive at pure landscape in comparatively modern times. Being the last phase of the evolution of art there is something significant in the fact of the apparently sudden decline of interest during a period of world upheaval. Perhaps it indicates the general tendency to revert to the fundamental when placed under unusual strain.

At any rate to a literary person, in love with life and chiefly concerned with the drama of human emotions, an exhibition so largely devoted to picturing people is absorbingly satisfactory. Here they all are:

the characters of the world's stage, the chubby infant as seen in Frances Cranmer Greenman's wonderful rosy-cheeked "Patty," and in Emory P. Seidel's remarkable tiny busts of the few-weeks-old joys of his household. Then there come the later lisping years. Antonio Barone gives a glimpse of a boy asleep that is all old-fashioned Italian, a song of the lowly ghetto but so wonderfully good that one keeps thinking "old masters" as one looks at it. Again it is "The last spoonful" wherein child and mother are united by a common interest in the green Chinese bowl which relieves so agreeably the warm browns of the picture. Lydia Field Emmet shows us childhood in an aristocratic atmosphere, a pale and golden boy in black velvets but very much "just a little boy at that." This is a pleasing and successful portrait in dark tones but one could wish for a few more crisp touches of light. It has been honored in a former show, with the Isaac Maynard prize and its title, "Tell me a story," seems spoken in the appeal of the blue eyes.

Other very charming child studies are "A Little Fairy" done in cement by Richard W. Bock which received Honorable Mention and Albin Polasek's head of little Joe Hawthorne, son of the great Charles W. which is boyhood to the life.

One of the big prizes of this show indeed was awarded to a child picture for Joseph T. Pearson, Jr., with "The Twins, Virginia and Jane," carried off the Potter Palmer Gold Medal. This work is essentially a portrait though so arranged as to render it a complete decoration for Virginia and Jane and very real, much alive little girls intensely interested in the great and serious event of posing for a picture. Their prim, self-conscious attitudes are largely the charm of the thing and must have suggested to the artist the half humorous, whimsical idea of fitting them into a stiff, almost conventional decorative scheme. Their little pink frocks are sharp

against a blue background and the paint has been dragged on in such a way as to suggest the texture of crepe in their dresses. Upon the wall above their precious heads at either side are little sprays of pink apple blossoms with birds upon the twigs; another gnarled and beflowered bough wanders down in the middle of the wall just over the curious claw-footed table at either end of which the twins stand and over which, as from one to the other, a grey procelain elephant, with that combination of the exquisite and the amusing peculiar to the artist of the Orient, seems about to be making a journey.

An arbitrary and daring touch holds the whole thing together and few could have been so bold as to attempt it. This is a square patch of pink, just below the table on the blue wall, exactly the color of the children's dresses and introduced without excuse, apology or explanation. A less artistic, more literal or literary painter would have resorted to the expedient of making this the inner lining of a table scarf hanging over the back of the table. No such timidity oppressed Pearson to camouflage. It is just a patch of pink and it is there because he needed it there to balance the scheme of line and color.

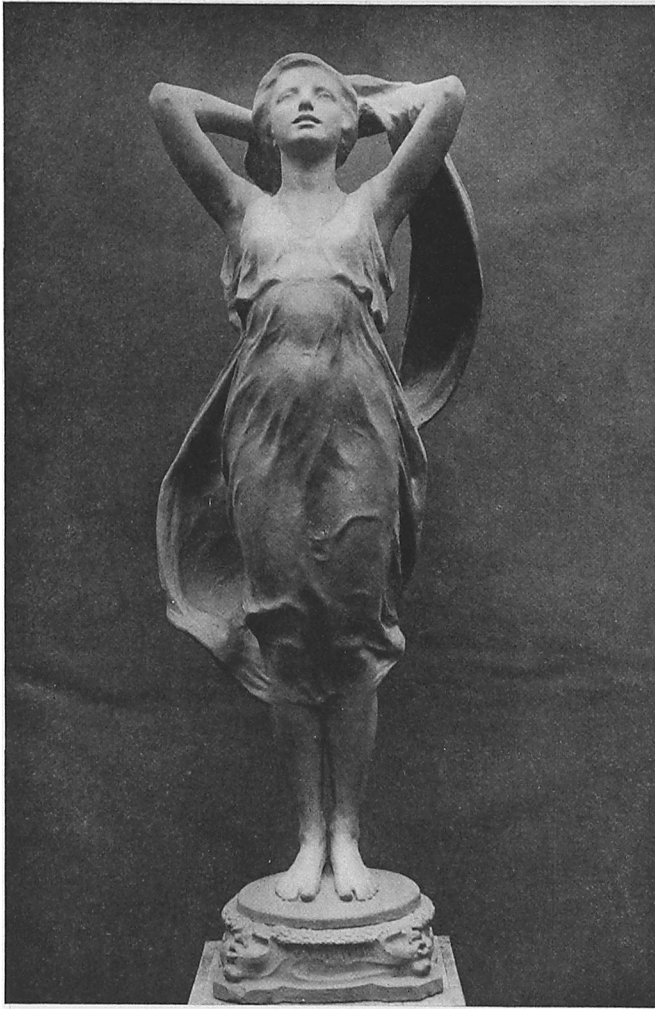
Pauline Palmer's "Little Girl Blue" is a triumph as are all her child studies. Hopkins, poet of the poor white trash, is appealing and touching with his children of the Cumberland. Their ugly big plaid



UNDINE
By E. Kathleen Wheeler

—Courtesy The Art Institute

green and red dresses of cheap gingham, gracelessly long to the barefeet, their tight little braids and plain faces touch the motherly breast for they look out at us with all the world-old appeal of childhood in their eyes. If he paints for psychological effect he is surely successful for one cannot look on this canvas without a disturbed feeling that these little girls must be given the advantages which should be the birthright



"BLOW, WINDS, BLOW!"
By Kathleen Beverly Ingels

—Courtesy The Art Institute

of all American children. And yet for artistic purposes we could not wish them differently or better attired for there is a quaint charm, a homely beauty about their glaring cheeks, bare feet and scanty braids, a charm of line and color, quite outside that of the story which they tell.

Sergeant Kendall has a charming nude of a child, decoratively arranged and executed with great appreciation for the beauty of the roseleaf flesh of youth. John Sherman too, has felt the spell of childhood and transmitted it to the beholder in his picture

of a "Little Girl" and in "Fairy Tales." Alice Kent Stoddard's "Child of Monhegan" is a lonely little thing but fascinating.

Adam Emory Albright still tells the story of the boyhood in his pleasing manner and O. Wolff with little Lorainne closes the catalog of delightful interpretation.

Girhood and young womanhood, whether seen in gilded heiress, pretty model, Indian maiden, or daughter of the people, finds here a train of gifted admirers.

Karl Anderson and Frank Werner have each achieved the difficult feat of painting two sisters without partiality. Anderson's picture is of a kind which every one likes but only the artist understandingly. Two lovely young things in the setting of a tasteful interior is as far as the publican can see. Artists find pleasure in the little green bird on the shoulder of the seated figure and the restful spottings of yellow flowers which relieve the monotony of the terra cotta panel in the

background, in the line of blue shadow between the face and hair of the dark girl, in the fine quality of the white dresses and in the subdued yet intricate and colorful background.

Frank Werner gives us convincing likenesses with a certain restraint of color and formality of pose that seem suited to the conventional manner of well-bred and well-poised young women.

Charles W. Hawthorne accomplishes many wonderful things in his picture entitled "Twilight." Here is one of the finest

types of American young womanhood painted with masterly skill. The cold blue white of her crisp transparent frock is sharp against the dark shadows of an evening interior. Her eyes look out with clear and tranquil frankness, she is the high white star type of beauty in all the wonder of its unapproachability. The flesh of the throat and chest are marvelously painted and the eyes more pleasing than in many Hawthornes.

Robert Henri strikes a top-note with just the reverse type of femininity, a Spanish girl, dark and fascinating with the inscrutable depths of an Oriental in her eyes. This is as delightful a Henri as has ever been seen and so rich in tone and color that one returns to it again and again for the joy of its delicious and satisfying harmonies and contrasts. The touches of color in the dark shawl, the red flower in the hair, the green fan—how magnificently are they all placed amid enhancing masses of dusky shadow.

One of the best portraits and surely the best bit of flesh painting in the show was "Grazia," by Antonio Barone. A dark young woman, rather smartly attired in a black silk gown and natty black turban is seated so that we see face and body in profile. There is life and activity in her pose, she might rise at any moment or she has just settled herself for a second, a question lurks in her eye, she is about to open her lips in its utterance. The plumes on her bonnet will bob with the vivacity of her movements when she nods her head, for she is as trim and alert as some little bright-eyed bird, alighted for the moment on a twig. How has this artist contrived to make black against a monotone neutral but warm background so interesting? One cannot say except because he is truly an artist.

Louis Betts, who never does anything amiss, gives us a portrait of an animated blonde young woman in a rose-colored hat

that is a very marvel of character. He has seen and recorded the something vastly more important than prettiness in a pretty woman, the very life and mind and personality of her. The hands are painted with great skill and are as full of the character of the sitter as is the face. Even the covered hand and the glove itself is characteristic, as every woman's gloves are, telling of the taste and type of its wearer.

Eben F. Comins lights up one wall of the galleries with "The Red Scarf," a decorative thing remarkable for its flare of aniline color seemingly applied over white with the glowing transparent effect of softly silken draperies. The contrast of this vivid scarf against the soft dove-breast grey of the young woman's dress is most agreeable and she herself is a charming excuse for this play of color.

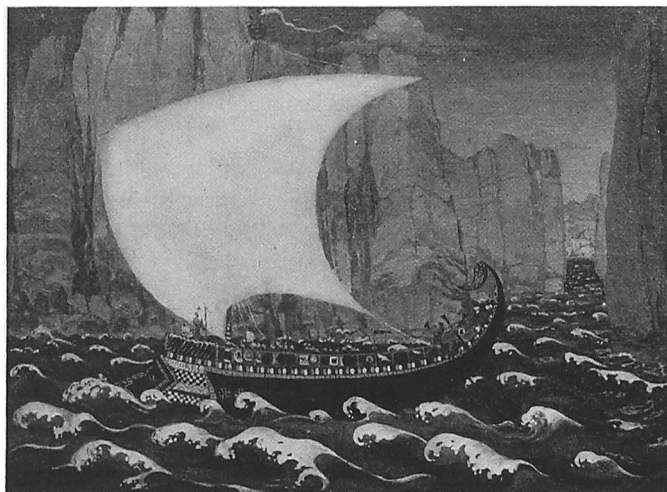
"The One In Yellow" brings William McGregor Paxton to our notice in something of a new role for here we have a thing done a little more in the spirit of decoration than is usual with him. His title suggests the stage and his model carries out the idea for she is light of tones and temperament, lovely and fragile, the ideal motif for a young man's dream. She loves luxury and is in the midst of it and she looks like a luxury herself. Her yellow gown is quite the *raison d'être* of the picture, a peculiar diaphanous lemon color against the blue green of a Chinese mandarin coat with rose lining in its sleeves. Her green hat sets off the polished gold of her hair and her well-painted head is repeated in the reflection of the mirror. She is the Paxton girl, a bit of porcelain with more animation in her arms and hands than in her face but she is tremendously fair to see and all enjoy looking at her.

Just by way of contrast we turn to Katherine Dudley's "La Estrellita," though the contrast is in type, not in handling, for this, too, is a decorative picture. With the subject it could not be otherwise, for all the



THE FORTUNE TELLER
By F. Luis Mora

—Courtesy The Art Institute



"THE ARGONAUTS"
By Jessie Arms Botke

—Courtesy The Art Institute

romance of Spain seems concentrated in this perfect type of the traditional Iberian beauty. La Estrellita herself is a work of art, a living picture, a symposium of everything fascinatingly Spanish and the artist has recorded the surface of her faithfully enough for immediate recognition. The magnificent shawl, one of the treasures of a priceless collection, is draped mantillawise over a high comb and the fan and all are traditional. It is well done but there is a world more of possibilities in the subject. Albert Herter does the purely decorative type of a portrait flawlessly and his study of Miss Marjorie Curtis is very lovely in its arrangement of line and color.

Among groups of figures "The Canoeists" of William Cotton is remarkable. It rather dominated the wall where it hung and it is undeniably clever and full of the marks of capability, despite the suspended action and rather stiff poses of the figures.

F. Luis Mora, who draws delightfully and paints in an illustrative manner, is ever interesting and his group, "The Fortune Teller," sustains his reputation. He employs warm dark tones in a way that enraptures or estranges the beholder according to temperament. Those who have the "dark brown taste" in pictures find a certain lusciousness in his

work, while others seek a relief in things with color shadows.

Speaking of groups, some artists have asked what could have inspired Gari Melchers to paint "MacPherson and MacDonald" and perhaps nothing could better illustrate the difference between the artistic and the layman standpoint than does this query. To the artist they are just two figures standing there held together by the drum head and Scotch sporran in the same tone and position in the picture and united still farther by the diagonal line of drumstick and pipes. To the rest of us they are MacPherson and MacDonald, they are heroism and romance, they have come across the whole length of history over moor and mountain out of the Scottish Chiefs, out of the hell of fire and the horror of the trenches. They are "the wild petticoat men," "the ladies of Hell," each as separate an entity as can be, too independent and set to stand very close together, but standing together just the same against all odds. Their faces are as Scotch as their bonnets and kilts and we know that their opinions are as vigorous and uncompromising as the music of bagpipe and drum. Probably much of the same spirit which prompted blue-blooded Yankees, second generation slaves, Latins, Jews and the whatnot that makes up an American crowd to yell themselves hoarse when the Kilties first marched along Michigan Avenue accounted for the fact that there is always a close group about Gari Melchers' picture. It is, however, fortunate that someone should embody appreciation in a souvenir of their visit and it is refreshing to see an artist that has painted so long paint so freshly and with so much spirit.

Another striking group of two figures was Walter Ufer's "Me and Him" which is the best thing he has done so far next to his "Solemn Pledge." Here are two very real Indians presented in the magic mirror of an art which is a marvel of technique.

The sun burns us, the winds whisper, the men are alive, about to move or speak. Like the old farmer at the circus we look at the picture and say, beneath our breath, "It can't be done." Yet there it is as only Ufer can do it.

Victor Higgins, Ethel Louise Coe, and E. Martin Hennings have other effective Taos figure groups. Higgins as usual is successful in his color and fine sense of decoration. Ethel L. Coe does the out of the ordinary in painting an Indian group with fine tonality, while Hennings unites good solid realism with a certain dramatic picturesqueness. Here indeed is one of the most gifted and best trained of our younger element in whom depth of feeling and certainty of touch combine in producing work that speaks of a foremost place in the future.

A group which arrested attention as a new role for its artist was "Boys" by Daniel Garber, whom we have come to look upon as a poet of the woodlands, knowing him chiefly as we do by his lovely interpretation of trees. His boys are none the less successful, a nice arrangement in color, luminous and charming, as the three youths with their mandolins sit in the golden lamplight and blue hazy shadows of some evening during college days. He has put much of the romance of youth into his picture as well as other things of a more technical interest.

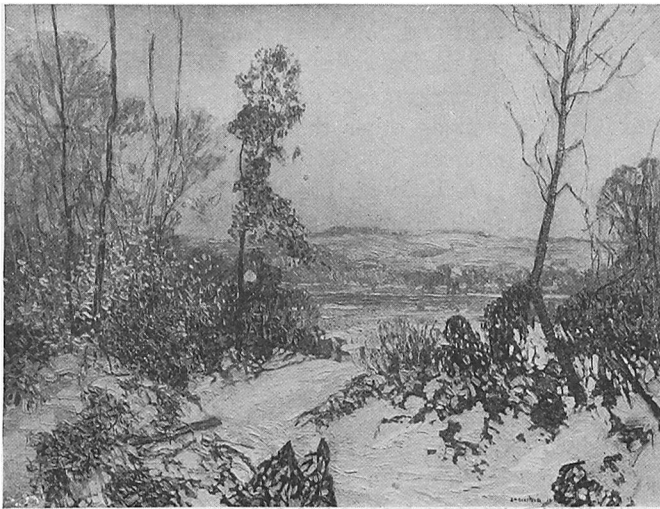
A little picture that is full of this ineffable something which we can only define as spirit is "Dreaming," by Anita Willets Burnham. It has a nice sense of design and a pleasing color quality all its own, but aside from these it somehow achieves the dream atmosphere. We feel the companionship of the woman and the child in some dear wish or far-off, long cherished project. Perhaps the spot where they are standing under a tree is the chosen sight of a future home? Who can say—for it is just an artist's mood full of poetic suggestion.



THE RED SCARF
By Eben F. Comins

—Courtesy The Art Institute

Three interiors with figures as a central motif are also notable, and of these Frank W. Benson's "The Open Window" takes first rank for its wonder of luminosity as the light streams in through the studio casements. Artists delight in this canvas for its abundance of color, yet it is all apparently in soft neutral tones. Examination, however, establishes the fact that every square inch of its least obtrusive greys glows with little cloudings of rose and blue, of gold and green, of all the colors of the spectrum. This it is which gives it its great uplifting feeling of effulgence. The seated figure of the woman knitting is surrounded by light and air. She seems indeed a motif for the play of luminosity, an atmosphere rather than a woman painted for her personal interest and charm.



WINTER WOODLANDS
By Edward W. Redfield

—Courtesy The Art Institute

Not far from the Benson picture was "The Little Seamstress" by John R. Conner, notable as lacking the color quality almost entirely. A well-drawn and appealing piece with much fascinating literary interest it was yet the sort of thing that shows best in black and white reproduction. Its monotone of soft brownish tones was agreeable enough but not characteristic of painting as a colorful art.

Frederick C. Frieseke was the great name appended to the third notable interior and in this canvas which he calls "Peace" the great man has

condescended to give us a thoroughly pleasing picture. The smart fresh green, blue and white of the dainty interior is carried out in the lady's attire. She seems indeed, even to her flesh tones, decorated to suit the room, but we have no quarrel with that, for the whole thing is so well done. One remembers her pretty feet on the flat floor-cushion, her neat hair, the sewing in her lap and the cradle beside her with its daintily suggested miracle of the first baby and feels that the artist has wrought with more than usual sentiment.

Of portraits of men there are several worthy of note in this exhibition, many in the khaki of service. This color, selected for its power of making the wearer indistinguishable from his surroundings, does not lend itself to a brilliant picture and, as a result, most of the soldier portraits are in a low key. Christian Abrahamsen has an important portrait of Major-General E. D. Swinton, C. B., D. S. O., but his small head of Otto C. Butz is perhaps more characteristic. Indeed it is a very fine bit of brushwork, a convincing likeness, showing an appreciation of the sculptural idea of making a head a complete decorative object.

The self-portrait by Paul Bartlett, which he calls "In the Mirror," has been much remarked by his confrères. In addition to being a good



CANOEISTS
By William Cotton

—Courtesy The Art Institute



HAWKS' NEST
By Daniel Garber

—Courtesy The Art Institute

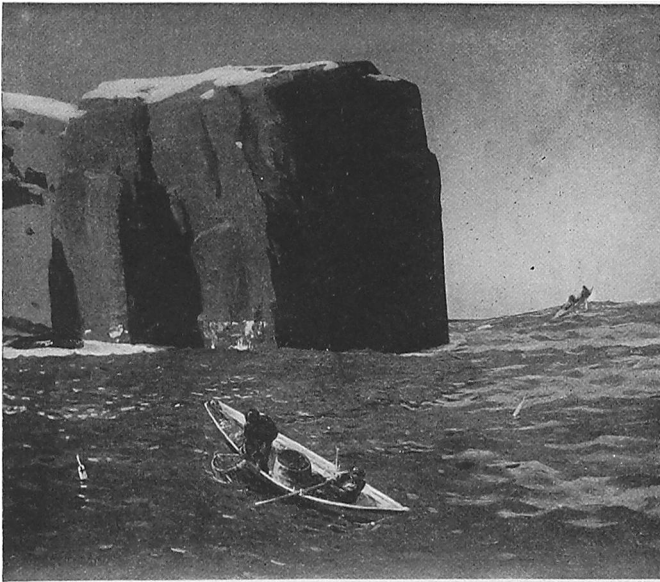


ORIENTAL INSPIRATION
By Milton R. Newman

—Courtesy The Art Institute

likeness it possesses the curious silvery unreal quality of a reflection. Lytton Briggs Buehler does a decoration involving the painter Moffett, which the latter's associates call a successful portrait, and there are a number of others entitled to notice which space forbids.

The portrait sensation of the show was, of course, the famous Joseph Pennell by Wayman Adams which carried off the Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan Medal and will become a part of the Institute permanent collection. This is a striking work, so full of the personality of the sitter that one forgot the artist and his technical characteristics. It is Pennell at his easel with a background that recalls his works and one could not but acclaim it as a big stunt.



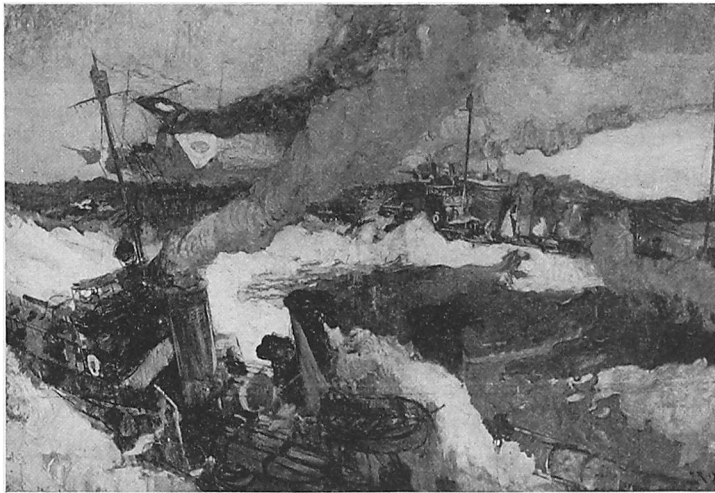
TOILERS OF THE SEA
By Rockwell Kent

—Courtesy The Art Institute

The two portraits of John D. Rockefeller by John Singer Sargent caused much discussion among artists. Consensus of opinion inclined toward the one with uplifted face and benign expression. It may be assumed that these were painted as a part of the series of American great men under the terms of the will of that well known British collector who sought such a representation for the Dublin Museum. Why the two were painted, one cannot say. Both are, however, admirable, the pose of the body and the fidelity with which the hand is painted in the one under

consideration being much remarked by connoisseurs.

The Victor Lawson portrait by George R. Boynton, which we here-with reproduce, is a bit old school in its methods but well done in accordance with the tradition thereof. How very different is the modern point of view we may see in the Cecilia Beaux portrait of Robert W. DeForest. This is a fine luminous bit, full of good brushwork and lit by a vivid splash of red drapery at one side of the background, perhaps the curtain of a window, for the figure is against the light. "Why did she let the canvas extend so high above her sitter's head?" was a question that insisted itself. "I think she wanted to give him room to stand in case he should choose to arise" was an artist's whimsical explanation which, nevertheless, satisfied



SWAT THE U-BOAT

By Lieut. Henry Reuterdaahl, U. S. N.

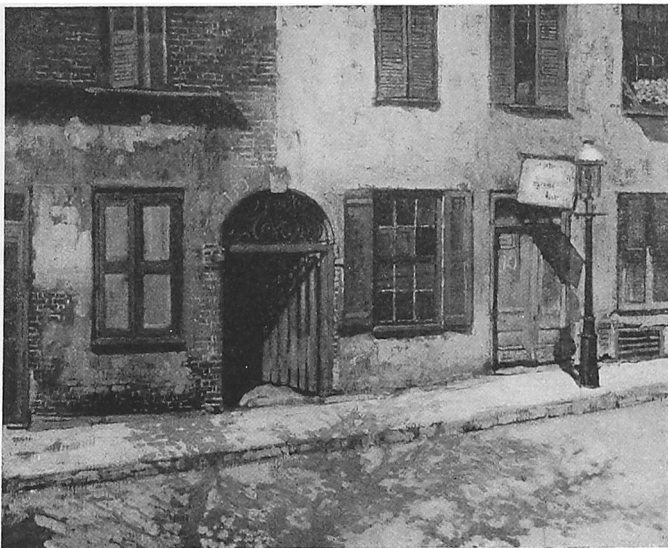
—Courtesy The Art Institute

one as logical enough.

Charles W. Hawthorne's portrait of Albin Polasek, entitled only "A Sculptor," was another subject of much discussion and comparison, some preferring it to the one which Hawthorne first essayed of this subject, others declaring it much inferior. However taste may differ, this is surely a splendid portrait, lovably like the subject with his very soul in its eyes.

Ross E. Moffett's "Old Fisherman," winner of the Norman Wait Harris Silver Medal, was also discussed warmly, many inclining to the belief that the man and his work in general, rather than this particular example, merited consideration.

Last in the personnel of actors in the human drama comes the dear old lady and she is well cast in this exhibition, appearing in at least one masterpiece, Pauline Palmer's portrait of her mother. This canvas is like a shrine for it has been so reverently painted that we approach it rever-



OLD HOUSES, CHARLESTON
By Alson Skinner Clark

—Courtesy The Art Institute

ently. And yet it is very beautiful and much an artist's picture, with loving touches given to the details of the setting. An old-fashioned bureau, a bouquet of flowers in the background are handled in a way that shows an appreciation of the decorative. The setting of antique furniture is most appropriate for the picturesque figure of the fine old silver-haired aristocrat in her black silk gown and cap of soft lace. She is the ideal of grand old lady and yet she is tender, motherly and humanly lovable.

A somewhat similar theme is Louise Lyon Heustis' "Patchwork Quilt," though here the scene is one of humbler kind. The head of the old woman working on the quilt is well painted with much appeal in the eyes. Her gay coverlet spread out over her knees takes on the beauty of a rainbow in the lovely luminosity of the window at her side.

Among the successful limners of human activities Henry Reuterdaahl and Childe Hassam achieve supremacy with thrilling records of a great world event. Reuterdaahl's "Swat the U-Boat" is one of the Navy propaganda series as he directed the pictorial publicity for this branch of the service. It puzzled nearly all beholders with its vivid plume of orange smoke from the destroyer's smokestack and the flash of scarlet in the sky. However, its compelling power, its theme of savage force and human daring were told in a language so unmistakable that none could miss the message, and that was the purpose of the picture. In black and white its beautiful balance of masses and its suggestion of motion are emphasized.

Jonas Lie in "With Our Army at Home," recites the epic of steel in sonorous and stupendous measures making one feel the heroic part which labor plays in peace and war.

Childe Hassam's "Allies Day, May, 1917," has a world of feeling and life in it also. The gay emblems of the Allied

nations dancing in the breeze over New York's famous boulevard have been handled with a master's skill. All the majesty of what they stand for he has contrived to make us feel in their riotous billows of color swelling and snapping in the breeze. The same theme attempted by Arthur C. Goodwin falls short some way of "getting over," as the stage folks say. Perhaps this is because he is, of necessity, a tonal painter (as his beautiful "West Boston Bridge" establishes), and flag-decked streets are a subject for a genius of the higher key.

Keen observers of crowds in motion will find great pleasure in the Provincetown studies of Nancy M. Ferguson, to whom the art colony accords the palm for catching the spirit of the place. The gay sweaters and sport attire generally of summer visitors to this seaside village, render its streets a riot of color and Miss Ferguson has a particularly happy faculty for contrasting these vivid reds and yellows with white houses and green foliage in a spotty vibrant way that is Provincetown to the life.

Joseph P. Birren, also has a pleasing Provincetown street scene in this exhibition, an honor to which the quality of his recent work justly entitles him. He has preserved much of the homey spirit of village life and presented it in soft and pleasing tones.

"The Red Cross Fete" of Eben F. Comins is remarkable for the light that seems to shine out of the picture itself as the red parasols and other spots of color dance in the whirl of crowds. Frederic M. Grant's "Matinee at Ravinia" is also notable for its clever presentation of the motley crowd. George Luks in "Houston Street, New York," gives us the thrill of the foreign and antique for his people are all of Europe and his picture so deliciously toned that one cannot imagine any artist but father time as being capable of its mellow harmonies. A newcomer, Armand Wargny, reminds one

a bit of Bellows, save that he shows a stronger inclination to rich tone, a tendency developing in modern painters. William Jean Beasley's big canvas, "Great Kills," which has been exhibited here before, may surely well be regarded as one of the high spots of the show also.

For decorative compositions nothing can compare with the work of Jessie Arms Botke, whose fascinating junk amid curiously curling conventionalized waves we herewith reproduce. Her "Geese" took the Martin B. Cahn prize of which it was certainly worthy for its exquisite drawing, elaborately wrought detail and fine decorative balance of color and line.

Another decorative painter who, nevertheless, preserves realism, is Richard G. Wedderspoon, whose "Tree in Design," though fantastic in effect was not strained beyond actuality.

We illustrate a refined and spirited fancy by Milton R. Newman, which is representative also of the decorative tendency of modern art at its best. Then there are the sharp, atmosphereless, poster-like landscapes of Rockwell Kent, one of which is here shown, and both of whose canvases were remarked for their effective contrasts.

In pure landscape the titanic names are those of Birge Harrison, whose "Morning Light" is a symphony of greys with a silver cadence of the pale radiance of dawn; Edward W. Redfield, whose "Winter Woodlands" is the most pleasing work of his that has been shown here, and John F. Carlson who again exhibited his "Melting Snows," an unapproachable masterpiece. Charles H. Davis is yet another of our great men who excelled even himself in his entry in this show, while Bruce Crane, Gardner Sy-

monds and Ben Foster maintain their titles to exalted position.

Olaf Brauner gives us a very strong picture in "The Old Wharf," one of those forceful things of modern art. William Ritschel is inspirational as usual in his splendid burst of light across the bosom of a surging sea.

Of the sculpture in this exhibition we illustrate but two examples out of a carefully selected showing of really creditable things. These are among the most graceful and decorative though the "Eve" of George Lober, which received honorable mention, was also a beautiful conception. A. V. Lukas' portrait in wood, also receiving honorable mention, was a triumph of delicate skill, which increased one's respect for the art.

There were several names of really worthy Chicago artists which were missing from the catalog and this, we feel, reflects discredit not upon them but upon the jury. Easterners would do well to inform themselves as to who is who in Chicago and not commit the provincialism of underrating the work of men with whom they are not personally acquainted. There were in this exhibition several canvases by young fry out of Eastern art classes and newcomers that could not compare in real artistic worth with the least successful canvases of several of the excluded Chicagoans. A certain courtesy is due men of established reputation and they should not be lightly shoved aside out of prejudice, ignorance, or a desire to encourage the novel at the expense of the well done. With the exception of these omissions and oversights there was little to be criticized about this exhibition.

